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the beginning there was nothing, all was emptiness; there was only space. Before there were the heavens, there was no earth, and when there was no earth, there was no sky. . . . Through meditation, the world serpent Antaboga created the turtle Bedawang, on whom lie coiled two snakes as the foundation of the World. On the world turtle rests a lid, the Black Stone. There is no sun, there is no moon, there is no night in the cave below (the underside of the stone); this is the underworld, whose gods are the male Batara Kala and the female Setesuyara. There lives also the great serpent Basuki. . . .

"Kala created the light and Mother Earth, over which extends a layer of water. Over this again are consecutive domes or skies, high and low; one of mud (which dried to become the earth and the mountains); then the 'empty' middle sky (the atmosphere), where Iswara dwells; above this is the floating sky, the clouds, where Semara sits, the god of love. Beyond that follows the 'dark' (blue) sky with the sun and the moon, the home of Surya; this is why they are above the clouds. Next is the Perfumed Sky, beautiful and full of rare flowers, where live the bird Tjak, whose face is like a human face, the serpent Taksaka, who has legs and wings, and the *awan* snakes, the falling stars. Still higher in the sky *gringsing wayang*, the 'flaming heaven of the ancestors.' And over all the skies live the great gods who keep watch over the heavenly nymphs."[2] Thus we have it that the island rests on the turtle, which floats on the ocean.

As the last Asiatic outpost to the east, Bali is interesting to the naturalist as an illustration of the theory of evolution. In 1869 Alfred Russell Wallace discovered that the fauna and flora typical of Asia end in Bali, while the earlier, more primitive biological forms found in Australia begin to appear in the neighbouring island of Lombok, just east of Bali. Here the last tigers, cows

[2] This is from the *Tjatur Yoga*, a popular manuscript which I translated for the sake of practice on the language. It consists of ideas on cosmogony, mythology, legends of the creation of man, etc., ending in a confused set of rules for cremation and Balinese genealogies. The second half of the manuscript is extremely obscure, full of errors, and appears incomplete, perhaps owing to careless copying of an older palm-leaf book.

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(*banteng*), monkeys, woodpeckers, pythons, etc., of Asia are not to be found farther east, and the cockatoos, parrots, and giant lizards predominate. Bali has the luxuriant vegetation of tropical Asia, while Lombok is arid and thorny, like Australia. Wallace drew a line across the narrow straits between Bali and Lombok, the deepest waters in the archipelago, to divide Asia from Oceania.[3] Today, however, scientists are more inclined to regard the islands as a transitional region.

As in all countries near the Equator, Bali has an eternal summer with even, warm weather, high humidity, and a regular variation of winds, but the unbearable heat of lands similarly situated is greatly relieved by sea breezes that blow constantly over the descending slopes of the four volcanoes that form the island. The seasons are not distinguished as hot and cold, but as wet and dry. It is pleasantly cool and dry during our summer months, when the south-easterly winds blow, but in November the northwest monsoon ushers in six months of a rainy season so violent that it makes everything rot away, growing green whiskers of mould on shoes that are not shined every day. Then the atmosphere becomes hot and sticky and the torrential rains that lash the island cause landslides that often carry enormous trees into the deep ravines cut into the soft volcanic ash by the rivers, themselves red with earth washed from the mountain. Brooks and rivers swell into huge torrents (*bandjir*) that rise unexpectedly with a deafening roar, in front of one's eyes, carrying away earth, plants, and occasional drowned pigs, destroying bridges and irrigation works. It is not unusual for a careless bather to be surprised by a sudden *bandjir* and to be carried away in the muddy stream.

It is only natural that in a land of steep mountains, with such abundant rains, crossed in all directions by streams and great rivers, on a soil impregnated with volcanic ash, the earth should attain great richness and fertility.

[3] Wallace divides the archipelago into Indo-Malayan (west of Bali) and Austro-Malayan (east of Lombok), until Sumbawa, where he draws another line to divide the Malayan from the Polynesian islands.

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attain great richness and fertility. The burning tropical sun shining on the saturated earth produces a steaming, electric, hothouse atmosphere that gives birth to the dripping jungles that cover the slopes of the volcanoes with prehistoric tree-ferns, pandanus, and palms, strangled in a mesh of creepers of all sorts, their trunks smothered with orchids and alive with leeches, fantastic butterflies, birds, and screeching wild monkeys. This exuberance extends to the cultivated parts of the island, where the ricefields that cover this over-populated land produce every year, and without great effort, two crops of the finest rice in the Indies.

Despite the enormous population, the lack of running water has kept the western part of the island uninhabited and wild. The few remaining tigers, and the deer, wild hog, crocodiles, great lizards, jungle cocks, etc., are the sole dwellers in this arid hilly country covered with a dusty, low brush. Curiously enough, the Balinese regard this deserted land (*Pulaki*) as their place of origin. They explain in an old legend that a great city, which still exists, once flourished there, but has been made invisible to human eyes by Wahu Rahu, the greatest Brahmana from Java, who was forced to flee from the capital, Gelgel, to save his beautiful daughter from the king (by caste his inferior) and who found refuge in *Pulaki* by making the city invisible to the wicked king and his followers.

Another arid region in contrast with the extravagant fertility of the island is the peninsula of limestone called Tafelhoek (*Bukit* to the Balinese) which rises to a height of 700 feet above the sea. This curious tableland, which shows every indication of having once been at the bottom of the ocean, is joined to the mainland by a low, narrow isthmus, but its sides rise almost vertically from the sea, and on the extremity of a long narrow rock, with a straight drop of 250 feet, is the fantastically situated temple of Uluwatu, one of the holiest in Bali. This projecting rock is believed to be the ship, turned to stone, of Dewi Danu, the goddess of waters.

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Elephants have never ex-
172 isted in Bali and the elephant motifs that appear so frequently in
532 Balinese art were importations from India or Java. As of Gunung
[136] Kawi, Kbo Iwá is also, according to popular belief, the author of the cave. Other hermitages with rock reliefs are the one near by called Toya Pulú; the Goa Racksasa near Ubud; Djakut Pakú, both on the river Oös (Uwos); and the caves near Kapal in Badung.

Pedjeng: In the ricefields approaching Pedjeng there is a beautiful stone water-spout in the shape of a youthful hermit holding in his hand a small human figure out of whose body once issued a stream of water. Farther on, in what appears to be the former site of a temple, are scattered fragments of classic statues; an altar of human skulls; the vague silhouette of a slim woman, covered with damp moss, fallen and half buried. The most complete statue is that of a wild raksasa crowned with skulls and about to drink from a larger, stylized human skull. In *Pura Panataran Sasíh*, the temple where the bronze drum is kept, there are a number of ancient statues, the majority being commemorative statues of former kings.

Panulisan: In the ruins of pura *Panulisan* on the mountain of the same name, are some fine statues of kings from the eleventh century.
[178] The temple was destroyed by an earthquake and despite the fact that it is regarded as of great holiness, an extravagant stairway of cement has been built to reach it, but the temple has not been repaired. Today one may visit the ruins only with a written permit from the local pungawa.

Other statues worthy of mention are the figures of Durga in the temple *Pondjok Batú* on the road to Tedjakula in North Bali and the great statue of *Dewa Ratú Pantjering Djagat*, over twelve feet high, the largest statue in Bali, kept jealously out of sight in the tower (*meru*) of the temple Trunyan, a Bali Aga
[178] village on the eastern shore of Lake Batur. The statue is considered very old and is held to have magic power. No one is allowed even to go into the tower, unless it is the selected "virgin" boys (*truna*) of the village, who on certain dates clean and paint the statue with a mixture of chalk, honey, and water,
[114] accompanied by elaborate carefully observed ceremonials. An